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Dear Honorable Woodcock:

I started this letter 3 weeks ago. I was too emotional to finish.

You told me not to come back to your courtroom unless I had a dirty urine or a new arrest. I had neither. I was engrained into trying to live a life different than my past.

I saved many people from a life of homelessness. My company prevented fire closeness. Kiana Williams, Etheridge & one of my cavers before your court.

I am a little more exempting of responsibility than when you first met me. One thing I don't understand is why I have to spend time in jail when I was doing everything right. I worked, I helped the community. I re-established new friends.

Only when the pressure came down from probation did I crack. I beg. If I am separated from what I established I will experience a great loss.

Sincerely,

